

THE GALLAUDET GUIDE AND DEAF MUTES' COMPANION

An Independent Monthly Journal, Devoted to the Interests of Deaf Mutes.

VOL. 2.

AMOS SMITH, JR.,
Editor.

BOSTON, MASS. JANUARY, 1861.

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The Gallaudet Guide,

DEAF MUTE'S COMPANION.

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"THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION
OF DEAF MUTES."
Devoted to the interests of Deaf Mutes in
particular, but designed to contribute to the
information of all.

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Editor—Amos Smith, Jr., Registry of Deeds,
Boston, Mass., to whom all communications
and articles intended for insertion in the pa-
per, should be addressed.

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POETRY.

WANTED—A MINISTER.

We have been without a pastor,
Some eighteen months or more,
And though candidates are plenty—
We've had at least a score—
All of them "tip-top" preachers,
Or so their letters ran—
We're just as far as ever
From settling on the man.

The first who came among us
By no means was the worst,
But then we didn't think of him,
Because he was the first;
It being quite the custom
To sacrifice a few,
Before the church in earnest
Determines what to do.

There was a smart young fellow
With serious, earnest way,
Who, but for one great blunder,
Had surely won the day;
Who left so good impression,
On Monday, one or two,
Went round among the people
To see if he would do.

The pious, godly portion,
Had not a fault to find:
His clear and searching preaching
They thought the very kind:
And all went smooth and pleasant
Until they heard the views
Of some influential sinners
Who rent the highest pews.

On these his pungent dealing
Made but a sorry hit:
The coat of gospel teaching
Was quite too tight a fit.
Of course his fate was settled—
Attend, ye parsons all!
And preach to please the sinners.
If you would get a call.

Next came a spruce young dandy—
He wore his hair too long:
Another's coat was shabby,
And his voice not over strong:
And one New Haven student
Was worse than all of these—
We couldn't heed the sermon
For thinking of his nose!

Here, then we thought it settled,
But were amazed to find
Our flattering invitation
Respectfully declined.
We turned to Dr. Hopkins
To help us in the lurch,
Who strangely thought the college
Had claims above our church.

Next we dispatched committees
By twos and threes, to urge
The labors for a Sabbath
Of the Rev. Shallow Splurge.
He came—a marked sensation,
So wonderful his style,
Followed the creaking of his boots
As he passed up the aisle.

His tones were so affecting,
His gestures so divine,
A lady fainted in the hymn
Before the second line:
And on that day he gave us,
In accents clear and loud,
The greatest prayer ever addressed
To an enlightened crowd.

He preached a double sermon,
And gave us angel's food,
On such a lovely topic—
"The joys of solitude."
All full of sweet descriptions
Of flowers and pearly streams,
Of arbling birds, and moonlit groves,
And golden sunset beams.

Of faith and true repentance,
He nothing had to say:
He rounded all the corners,
And smoothed the rugged way.
Managed with great adroitness
To entertain and please,
And leave the sinner's conscience
Completely at its ease.

Six hundred is the salary
We gave in former days—
We thought it very liberal,
And found it hard to raise.
But when we took the paper,
We had no need to urge,
To raise a cool two thousand
For the Rev. Shallow Splurge.

In vain were all the efforts—
We had no chance at all—
We found ten city churches
Had given him a call.
And he, in prayerful waiting,
Was keeping all in tow,
But where they paid the highest,
It was whispered he would go.

And now, good Christian brothers,
We ask your earnest prayers,
That God would send a shepherd
To guide our church affairs,
With this clear understanding—
A man, to meet our views,
Must preach to please the sinners,
And fill the vacant pews.

IF A BODY MEET A BODY. If a feller meet
a feller carrying off his wood, should a feller
whale a feller if a feller could?—German-
town Express.

If a body spy a body creeping round his
lot, shouldn't a body treat a body to a load
of shot?—Norwich Express.

If a body catch a body stealing his "old
Rye," should a body kick a body till a body
cry?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

If a body catch a body stealing his Ex-
press, shouldn't a body seize a body and try
to get redress?—Petersburg Express.

If a body see a body appropriate his hat,
should a body kick a body just for doing
that?—Star.

If a body want a body his store to patron-
ize, shouldn't a body pay a body for to ad-
vertise?—Lynchburg Express.

If a body catch a body stealing all his
chickens, should a body kick a body like
the very dickens?—Centre Democrat.

If a body catch a body totting off his corn,
should a body make a body wish he wasn't
born?—Jonesboro' Gazette.

If a body catch a body totting off his goose,
should a body flog a body like the very
deuce?—Mt. Vernon Gazette.

If a body ask a body to take the country
news, should a body to a body say, I beg
you me excuse?—Home Journal.

If a body catch a body wicking at his
wife, should a body with a pistol take a
body's life?—Minneapolisian.

If a body catch a body stealing an ex-

DISTRESSING CALAMITY.

A correspondent sends us the follow-
ing, clipped from the Christian Messen-
ger, published at Cornwallis, (N. S.)

Mrs. Linda, wife of Mr. William Sand-
ford, of Pleasant Valley, Cornwallis,
both of whom are Deaf Mutes, and were
educated in Hartford Asylum, U. S.,
instituted for the benefit of the Deaf and
Dumb. Here they formed an acquaint-
ance, and became fondly attached to
each other. Mrs. Sandford being then
a resident in the U. S., they were mar-
ried at the residence of her mother, the
1st of March, 1849. Shortly after this
they came to Pleasant Valley, and have
since resided here, on the premises of
his father. Soon after he came here an
arrangement was made by his father, by
which he became owner of one half of
his premises, his father and mother resid-
ing with them. They were in comfort-
able circumstances, and as united and
happy as husband and wife ever could or
ever need be.

Mrs. Sandford came here a stranger to
all but her husband. Such was her ami-
able and kind disposition, as well as her
discreet conduct, that she soon won the
affection and esteem of not only all his
family connections, but all who formed
an acquaintance with her. Such were
her capabilities as a housewife, and such
her ladylike attention to the inmates and
all who visited them, that no one could
help admiring her. Those especially,
who were most intimately acquainted
with her were filled with astonishment
to behold what God had been pleased to
do for her. Indeed she never seemed
weary in her acts of kindness, hospitality
and attention to all around her. Her
uniform moral conduct would have done
honor to any Christian. In truth it may
be said of her, that she was one of the
best of women. There are but few who
could compare with her, or can now sup-
ply her place in the situation which she
so admirably filled. There is a blank
made by her death that we fear will never
be satisfactorily filled, and this is the
more remarkable in view of her situa-
tion as a deaf mute. Truly God had
done much for her and her beloved com-
panion, in the training and instruction
which they had received in the admi-
rable Institution in which they had been in
the Providence of God placed. Others
not similarly situated, could also learn
there to converse with them freely. By
writing also, any one could converse with
them. In this the writer of this Memoir
had much satisfaction afforded him. It
was pleasing to see what respectful
attention she would manifest in the wor-
ship of God, whether in the public as-
sembly or in the family, always in the lat-
ter case she would read the chapter, and
kneel reverently before God, though no
word could be heard by her. And here
the writer might remark, that on the sub-
ject of religion he had not obtained that
entire satisfaction he so earnestly sought
for, in reference to her experimental ac-
quaintance with it, yet he now concludes
that it was because she had not obtained
that confidence in reference to her hope
that justified her in giving definite re-
plies to pointed questions proposed; but
it pleased God in the time of her extreme
sufferings, to afford her and all her
friends present—and there were many

she labored to comfort them, assuring
them that she was going home to be
with her teachers, some of whom had
been removed by death since she left
the Asylum, and to be with Jesus.
Seeing her mother-in-law weeping much,
she placed her hand on her mouth
and pointing up, signified that she must
be still and know that God had done it,
and that he had done right and no one
was to blame, and putting her arms
round her neck, kissed her. Her
father-in-law having labored to save her
life by pulling her clothes off from her,
in doing so his hands were severely
burned. As an expression of her sym-
pathy and regard for him and gratitude
to him for his kindness, she also put her
arms around his neck and kissed him.

When enquired of if she was afraid to
die, she assured them that she was not,
and that she was happy and going home
to be with Christ. On some occasions,
even in this extreme case of suffering,
there was evidently a smile on her coun-
tenance, expressive of the joy she felt in
her soul. Her dear husband was by
her most of the time, and conversing
with her, and among other questions
put to her was "Do you love me now?"

"Yes," was the answer, "but I love God
more, and so we all must." After nam-
ing some articles of her clothing that she
wished sent to her sisters in the United
States, she enjoined on her husband to
send some comforting words to her dear-
ly beloved mother. "Assure her," she
said, "that I have gone to rest above."
About half an hour before her death she
lost her eyesight. During this time her
husband tried repeatedly but unsucces-
sfully to get some answer to his ques-
tions. He then laid his head on her
pillow beside hers, and told his mother,
in his way, that he desired to die with
her. At ten o'clock on Thursday morn-
ing, she left this world of sin and sorrow
to enter, as we trust, the world of ever-
lasting joy. On the afternoon of the
next day, her funeral was attended to.

A sermon was preached on the occa-
sion by the writer, from Psalm xvi. 10
"Be still and know that I am God."—
A large attendance showed much respect
to her memory, and sympathy for the
surviving friends.

How inconceivably great and rich the
blessings of experimental religion in life,
in death, and to all eternity, but more
especially communicated to one in the
circumstances of the deceased. O how
it magnifies the riches of God's sover-
eign grace. May his precious name be
adored. The deceased was in the forty-
fifth year of her age when she died.—
Probably some may be desirous of know-
ing some of the particulars in reference
to the occasion of her death.

On the evening of the 21st of July,
instant, at 8 o'clock, her husband was
pouring fluid out of a larger can into a
smaller one on a table, the deceased was
holding a candle to afford him light,
standing about two feet off—both being
naturally prudent and careful on all oc-
casions, and thought they were now—
yet the fluid took fire in the smaller
can and soon burst a hole in the side
next to her, about the size of a half pen-
ny. The flame therefore led immedi-
ately to her and set her clothes on fire.
She immediately stepped back behind

He went to the well for water in order
to try to save the house, while her fath-
er-in-law and brother-in-law came to
her assistance. This accounts for the
father being burned. The brother put
men's coats around her and quenched
the flames. The deceased, notwith-
standing being so severely burned, yet,
with the assistance of her sister-in-law,
walked to the next house. Next morn-
ing she desired to be removed to her
own house to die there, and was carried
back on a bed.

This circumstance shows that fluid
should always be poured into cans or
lamps in the day time, not observing
this caution, how many others have lost
their lives.

WEBSTER'S FIRST CASE.

Ebenezer Webster, father of Daniel,
was a farmer. The vegetables in his
garden suffered considerable from the
depredations of a woodchuck, whose hole
and habitation was near the premises.—
Daniel, some ten or twelve years old
and his brother Ezekiel had set a steel
trap, and at last succeeded in capturing
the trespasser. Ezekiel proposed to kill
the animal, and end at once all trouble
with him; but Daniel looked with com-
passion upon the meek, dumb captive,
and offered to let him go. The boys
could not agree, and each appealed to
their father to decide the case.

"Well, my boys," said the old gentle-
man, "I will be judge. There is the
prisoner," pointing to the woodchuck,
"and you shall be the counsel and plead
for and against his life and liberty."

Ezekiel opened the case with a strong
argument, urging the mischievous nature
of the criminal, the great harm he had
already done; said that much time and
labor had been spent in his capture, and
now if he was suffered to live and go at
large he would renew his depredations,
and be cunning enough not to suffer him-
self to be caught again, and that he
ought now to be put to death; that his
skin was of some value, and that, make
the most of him they could, it would not
repay half the damage he'd already done.
His argument was ready, practical, and
to the point, and of much greater length
than our limits will allow us to occupy
in relating the story.

The father looked with pride upon his
son, who became a distinguished jurist in
his manhood.

"Now, Daniel, it's your turn; I'll
hear what you've got to say."

It was his first case. Daniel saw that
the plea of his brother had sensibly af-
fected his father, the judge, and as his
large, brilliant black eyes looked upon
the soft, timid expression of the animal,
and as he saw it tremble with fear in its
narrow prison-house his heart swelled
with pity, and he appealed with eloquent
words that the captive might again go
free. God, he said, had made the wood-
chuck; he made him to live, to enjoy the
bright sunshine, the pure air, the free
fields and woods. God has not made
him or anything in vain; the woodchuck
had as much right as any other living
thing; he was not a destructive animal,
as the fox or wolf was; he simply ate a
few common vegetables of which they
had plenty, and could well spare a part;
he destroyed nothing, except the little

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BOSTON, MASS., January, 1861.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JOHN CAVANAUGH—Your communication is received, but it is not of sufficient interest for publication.

Mr. J. E. Livingston of Manchester, N. H., sends us a very good communication, taking strong ground against Mr. Flournoy's scheme of a Deaf and Dumb Colony. As he travels over the ground already trod by Mr. Pallette, its publication would be superfluous.

A Card from the Executive Committee.

The statements in the editorial of the December number of the *Guide* call for some notice from us. It was a sly attempt on the part of the late editor to reach the sympathy of his readers; but we hope a candid public will give ear to the statement of facts which we present:—

I. We voted, long ago, not to retain him in the chief editorship beyond the time for which he had been chosen.

II. Because of the trouble he had so often given us in various ways.

III. Because of his lack of energy.

IV. Because of the numerous complaints against the *Guide*, for all of which he was responsible.

His statement that we wanted him to edit the paper for nothing, is not true; and equally destitute of truth, too, is his statement that we wanted to bind him hand and foot, whereby the post of Editor would be made a humbug.

We voted long ago to employ some one else who might be more acceptable, when his term was out. And in making a selection of successor to Mr. Chamberlain, the choice fell on Mr. Smith. We had doubts whether he would accept the position, because it was known that he had a very large business, which engrossed his whole attention, and therefore we set to devising a way, whereby the post would be none too heavy for him. It was agreed that the reading of the proofs should be no part of his business, unless he desired it, and it was further agreed to give him an assistant, and the choice fell on Mr. Chamberlain, and it was voted that the assistant Editor be paid by the Senior Editor, as he might want his assistance or services. This is a plain statement of the whole case: we are content to leave it here.

The new Editor, Mr. Smith, needs no commendation from us. He is well known throughout the land.

We hope the *Guide*, now commencing its second year, will receive a greater share of public favor. It has not been a paying concern. It appears to-day in its new volume, enlarged and improved. Friends of education, friends of the Deaf Mute, send in your subscriptions—you will be aiding a worthy and deserving cause.

WM. K. CHASE, Executive.
GEO. HOMER, Committee.
SAMUEL ROWE, Committee.
Boston, Jan. 1861.

It is now a year since we established the *Gallaudet Guide*. This number begins a new volume, and we have a few words to say, which we hope will be heard with patience and pondered as they may seem worth. We set the paper up with some anxiety. It was an experiment, and though we knew well enough that some experiments succeed, yet as we started without capital we could not but be solicitous.

Well, the first volume is closed, and as our readers will see, the *Guide* appears this month in an enlarged and improved form. Though by no means a success, for it has never paid the expenses, we have encouragement for continuing the experiment at least another year. The subscribers have steadily increased till we count several hundred more than we did six months ago; and now, with a resignation somewhat kindred to that which actuated one of Shakespeare's heroes, we say, "let them come." We can do better by them another year because we see our labors are appreciated and the *tin* beginning to come in.

We hope correspondents will continue their favors.

We shall be extremely obliged to such as may aid us in picking up information and in writing paragraphs; it will help us when we are weary, and give a vigor and freshness to our paper for which our readers will be thankful.

Perhaps we may differ with them on some points, but we shall not forget them nor their aid.

We will do what we can to both please and profit them. We mean to speak for the right in all cases, and soundly belabor the wrong with all our might.

The *Guide* has not only been enlarged, thus giving more reading matter, but it has a new and beautiful heading which we are sure our readers will appreciate.

Our terms are one dollar per annum payable in advance. Besides sending this number to each of our old subscribers, we make a large gratuitous distribution. We are willing to make some sacrifice to start on, for experience teaches us that when subscribers become acquainted with the paper, they wish to continue it.

Reader, will you do us just one favor? Show the paper to your neighbor and ask him to subscribe.

Services for Deaf Mutes.
On Friday evening, Dec. 14, the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet of New York, held a service for Deaf-Mutes in the lecture room of St. Anne's Church, Lowell. He preached a plain and simple discourse on the Bible, showing its unity of purpose and its great evangelical principles and urging his silent friends to give heed to its precepts.

The Rev. Dr. Edson, Rector of the Church, then made a short address (interpreted by Mr. Gallaudet) full of Christian kindness and good will to those for whom the services were specially held.

The next morning Mr. Gallaudet visited a deaf-mute young man who had been prevented from attending the service by a broken limb. Prayer to God was offered with him.

On Sunday afternoon, Dec. 16, the Church of the Advent in Boston was opened for a service for Deaf-Mutes by the kindness of the Rector, the Rev. Dr. Bolles. Mr. Gallaudet conducted the service and preached a discourse similar to the one above noticed. Dr. Bolles (through the interpretation of Mr. G.) welcomed the Deaf-Mutes to this church. Reminding them that it was free to all, he invited them to come and join in its services, by using their Prayer Books and Bibles. He hoped that they would call upon him whenever they should need a clergyman.

On Monday evening, in the lecture room of Trinity Church, Norwich, Conn., a service for deaf-mutes was held by Mr. Gallaudet, as he returned to New York. The Rector, Rev. Mr. Easton, manifested great interest in deaf-mutes and desired them to come to him as a Pastor.

The *Guide* appears to-day, enlarged, and otherwise improved. Our readers will be pleased with the new heading—the engraver has succeeded remarkably well, in giving life-like portraits of Messrs. Gallaudet and Clerc. The letter which came with Mr. C's likeness, was as follows:—

HARTFORD, Conn., Dec. 26th, 1860.
AMOS SMITH, JR., Esq., My Dear Friend and Old Pupil—I send you enclosed my likeness. It is said to be a good one by all who have seen it. The features are exact, the complexion only is rather dark, but it will make no difference with the engraver. I could not send it sooner on account of the bad weather, which prevented my friends accompanying me. It was taken by Bartlett & Webster, Photographers, in this city. The price was but one dollar, and you will please hand it to Charles Barrett for my subscription to the *Guide* for one year.
Yours, Affectionately,
LAURENT CLERC.

P. S. To-day is my birthday, of course. I am 75 years old to-day.

We would call the attention of our readers to the communication (in reply to Mr. Flournoy) of Rap. Pallette in another column. It is an able production—the arguments sound and unanswerable. In our opinion Mr. Flournoy is completely excoriated. The article by "A Mute Typo" will be found very interesting. The letter from New York which we have printed without the author's knowledge or consent, enriches the columns of the paper. It should be read by all. On the whole, we think our readers will agree that they have quite a wholesome feast in this number of the *Guide*.

BOSTON DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN UNION LECTURES.—Wm. M. Chamberlain's lecture last month was, of course, excellent, and we were glad to see received the compliment it deserved—a full house. His subject was "Dr. Kitto, his life, works and travels." The lecture embraced a wide range of ideas suggested by the subject, which were clearly and strikingly, often beautifully presented. He spoke an hour and a quarter, when he was obliged to leave for home. He will resume and conclude Wednesday evening, January 2d.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—The Committee have seen fit to make a formal reply to the late Editor, Mr. Chamberlain. It will be found in another column. We were exceedingly sorry to see the article of Mr. C.—as he must have known in penning it, that he was doing a personal injury to good men, whom he knew had none other at heart than the best interests of the Deaf and Dumb.

We regret to hear of the death of scarlet fever of Carrie, daughter of Wm. and Caroline Lynde of Roxbury. Carrie was an uncommonly bright and interesting child, and very dear to all who knew her. In the Sabbath School, young as she was, she had learned "The Lord is my Shepherd," which with other lessons, seemed to make her spirit glad as she lay prostrated on the bed of death; especially were the promises of the Gospel very dear to her; she had no doubt of their fulfillment, but with child-like confidence believed that she should meet all her dear friends in heaven.

She died Dec. 7. The parents have the heartfelt sympathy of a large circle of friends in their bereavement.

Wm. Chamberlain, of South Reading, father of Wm. Martin Chamberlain, Esq., died last week at the age of 55.

Mrs. Elizabeth Diamond, wife of Mr. Joseph J. Diamond, died at St. Louis, Mo., on the 17th of July, 1860. She had lost a babe by death some time previous to her death. She was educated in the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Philadelphia. She was married in the summer of 1854, to Mr. Joseph J. Diamond, also a deaf-mute, who was educated in the same Institution.

Mr. Frederick W. Connor, a graduate of the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Philadelphia, departed this life at his residence in Accomac Co., Va., last summer. His death was caused by his eating a very hearty meal. He left a wife (deaf-mute) and three or four children.

Washington Bird, a deaf man, was run over and killed by the Montreal train, near Gorham, Me., recently. He was riding in a sled, which was shivered to atoms, and the whole train passed over him.

President Brown has appointed Mr. Wm. K. Chase of Charlestown on the Executive Committee of the Gallaudet Association, to fill a vacancy.

We are indebted to Mr. Turner for a copy of the last Annual Report of the American Asylum.

The ancient world could boast of but seven wonders. In modern times art and science have made wonder one of our most familiar feelings.

Arkansas, out of a population of 414,280, has only 96 Deaf and Dumb.

COOL RETORT.—Henderson the actor was seldom known to be in a passion. When at Oxford, he was one day debating with a fellow student, who, not keeping his temper, threw a glass of wine in the actor's face, when Henderson took out his handkerchief, wiped his face, and coolly said: "That, sir, was a digression, now for the argument."

For the Gallaudet Guide.

WHAT CONSTITUTES THE GENTLEMAN?

It is not the affected airs, or rather incorrigibly stiff formalities of the city fashionable etiquette, nor the vaunted titles of high birth, nor the insolence of false pride, nor the broadcloth of exactest tailor; but those amiable qualities—sweet-winning manners and gentle loving-kindnesses which constitute an essentially congenial spirit in any possession.

The model gentleman is what is actualized out by a more strict regard to cultured mentality—cleanliness—personal neatness—and polished refinement within; by a higher standard of morality; by a deeper consciousness of others' property or inalienable rights; by a nicer sense of the duty of civility towards any stranger in the lowest walks of life; and by a more becoming deportment which gracefully yields, in most cases a respectful preference to others. Such wisely eschews the unholty self-assimilating practices of drunkenness, debauchery, gluttony, tobacco-chewing and smoking;—taking strenuous and vigilant measures to shun those unworthy habits which, when imprudently formed, "second nature," not infrequently prove inevitable and ruinous as a maelstrom to heedless yet unfortunate victims. To speak upon this moral point more illustratively, a true gentleman would neither impose upon the indisputable rights of any being of the lowliest human kind, nor secretly prey upon any foreign property which is sufficient to attract his sight or tempt his craving appetite, while the rightful owner thereof is compulsively absent on business. No true lady would go beyond the bounds of intelligent "common-sense" and refined decorum so as to pry into others' sacred secrets, or to wound the reputation of any person of either sex or to meddle with those matters which it is neither her province nor does it become her dignity to handle. The model gentle-woman of the Golden Age is what is, proposedly and universally recognized as a yet finer pattern of refinement—gentleness—feminine delicacy; an embodiment of intellectual charms—heavenized love—spotless purity—spiritualized holiness and harmony.

A SILENT FOLLOWER OF NATURE.
Howland, Me., Oct. 22, 1860.

For the Gallaudet Guide.
HOUSEHOLD DUTIES.
MR. EDITOR:—

My late sickness prevented me from giving Lizzie another reply in time for the December number of the *Guide*. No doubt Lizzie may have rejoiced at my apparent silence; but I can hardly let the matter pass, without giving it a due reply. In justice to Lizzie, I must say her last communication is very mild and well-meaning in most respects, notwithstanding my former expectations to the contrary.

One of my female friends, on noticing my article on "What is a good Wife?" has written to me as follows:—

"You seem to think that a good wife must be a thing but work, work, all the live-long, and not take a minute's rest. Think the good wife you speak of must have a very good time; her hands must be dreadfully cramped up with hard-work. It must require a good amount of courage to meet such a fate. You are throwing too much soot in our faces. By the way, what do you think of that good Western wife you gave us in the paper? Oh! you rogue, do you indeed mean to doom us to such servitude? Seems to me as if it would be no better than the lot of a slave. Yet I would have every young woman so trained to neatness and order, that she could make her husband and children happy in this world, and perhaps the next too. I don't think what you said of young men now-a-days, is quite true. They are the most impudent creatures the sun ever shone upon, at least I have often been told so. Why, they stand round the church doors on bright Sabbaths, staring at the ladies, who have not the face to lift their eyes off the ground, while they undergo that agreeable (?) inspection?"

My fair correspondent charges the young men with being the most impudent creatures, and with standing round the church doors and staring at the ladies on bright Sabbaths. I firmly believe that the young ladies are more to be blamed, because they are generally very coquettish; and some of them are so vain and so void of modesty, as to expose their bare necks and shoulders to the voluptuous gaze of the young men! Thus the young ladies are instrumental in attracting the gallant (?) attention of the young men, no matter whether they are willing or unwilling to have the men stare at them.

If the young ladies had been more sensible and more modest, and had laid aside all their vain and coquettish propensities, they would not have been troubled with more than a passing notice from the young men.

I take the following articles from the *Household Journal*, a weekly family newspaper published at New York City, which I trust will prove serviceable to the lady readers of the *Guide*.

A GOOD HOUSEWIFE.

A good housewife is one of the first blessings in the economy of life. Men put a great value upon the housewife qualifications of their partners after marriage, however little they may weigh with them before; and there is nothing which tends more to mar the felicity of married life than recklessness or want of knowledge in the new housekeeper of the duties which belong to her station. Men admire beauty, and order, and system, in every thing, and men admire good fare. If these are found in their dwellings, and are seasoned with good nature and good sense, men will see their chief enjoyments at home—they will love their homes and their partners, and strive to reciprocate the kind offices of duty and affection. Mothers that study the welfare of their daughters, will not fail to instruct them in the qualifications of married life; and daughters that appreciate the value of these qualifications, will not fail to acquire them.

MANAGEMENT OF A HOUSEHOLD.

Young ladies, cut this out and pin it in your bonnets:—

No young woman ought to feel herself qualified to become a wife until she is sure she understands how to do the most that can be done with her husband's money. The management of a household is not a thing to be properly and safely entrusted to hiring hands. A servant is a broken reed for the head of a family to lean upon. There are a thousand little ways in which money must be expended, in which real shrewdness and enterprise are requisite in order to use it to the best advantage; and there are a thousand other ways of saving money, open only to those who have studied aright the art of economy. The Turkish proverb has it, that a prudent woman is a mine of jewels; and, like many other Oriental sayings, this is beautiful for the truth it embodies. A wasteful housekeeper not only actually robs those for whom she undertakes to manage, of the comfort it is her duty to provide for them, but keeps her husband head over ears in debt, and makes the domestic life of a poor man a continual series of experiments in shunning it from one day to the next; in keeping the stomach full, though the purse be empty.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* published a communication last month, headed "Pianos in Public Schools," and signed "J. McL." As it is worthy the serious consideration of the fair readers of the *Guide*, I deem it proper to insert it in my communication:—

I have noticed in the papers that the School Controllers are asked to introduce pianos into our Grammar Schools for the instruction of the female pupils. The Controllers, no doubt, will think they are working wonders when they place a piano in all the Female Grammar Schools, and pay a person to instruct them, that they may be able to read or play a piece of music when they quit school, even should they be void of all other qualities which make a good housekeeper. For my part, I think they could have done something else that would have been a greater benefit to a greater number.

It is true that we cannot expect all our daughters to get lawyers, doctors, merchants

and gentlemen for husbands. We must expect that the majority of them will become the wives of mechanics, and I consider that it would be better for a mechanic to have a wife that knows how to make a shirt, wash and iron it, and cook well, than one that could not, but could play on the piano. I consider the majority of the pupils' parents are too poor to purchase a piano for their daughters to play on, and they cannot even afford to let their children spend time in learning to play the piano, when they could learn something in that time which would be of some benefit to them hereafter.

Would it not be better if the Controllers would appropriate the money that would pay for those pianos to build a suitable kitchen at each Female Grammar School, and teach them the duties of housekeeping, or introduce sewing in the schools, and encourage the pupils by awarding a premium to the best sewer, the best cook or baker, and the best washer and ironer? The pupils would then make good use of their time, and make themselves useful at home, and do all they could to get the premium. Then mothers, too, for the sake of their own honor, would do all in their own power to instruct their daughters in the art of house-keeping.

By doing this the Controllers would be training up a number of young ladies, who would be a credit to our school system, an honor to the city, and make the homes of those happy who would get them for wives. Hoping my remarks may be worthy of a place in the columns of your paper, and that my ideas may be the cause of bringing out brighter ones, I am yours, etc., I. McL.

The December number of the *Guide* is before me; and I have been well pleased with a perusal of "Mr. Smith's Lecture before the Boston Deaf-Mute Christian Union." His lecture contains many valuable suggestions as to how to get a good wife. I trust that "Lizzie" and other young ladies will appreciate Mr. Smith's lecture.

A MUTE TYPO.

For the *Guide*.
THE TATTLER.
LETTER X.

MR. EDITOR:—The Tattler feels it proper to consider the matter, embodied in the petition, which Mr. Flournoy has already put in the hands of his Congressional Representative.

While appreciating Mr. F's deep interest in the general welfare of his brethren and sisters in misfortune, it is the Tattler's conviction that Mr. Flournoy has not struck the right trail to his object in view. In a philanthropic view, his object—the amelioration of the mutes' condition—is laudable and, therefore, reflects much credit on his good heart; but, practically, so far as its *modus operandi* is concerned, what Mr. F has undertaken, is utterly impracticable, to say nothing of its being chimerical. Its impracticability is obvious to all practical minds. Not that the Tattler seeks to frustrate Mr. F's good intentions, but he wishes to prevent, as far as he can, all the mutes from being led astray by so absurd a scheme, which its originator has labored assiduously to bring to their notice.

As Mr. Flournoy's petition will, by the first opportunity, be submitted to Congress, it is more than probable that it will be "laid upon the table" to his infinite mortification. Besides, its rejection will put the innocent mutes in a most awkward attitude before the grinning world.

Its rejection will be based on the ground of its unconstitutionality, for the Federal Constitution has no clause whatever, that would admit of such a construction that a patch of land in any territory, belonging to the Federal Government, could be granted as a Sovereign State to a mute community, to the absolute exclusion of the hearing in the enjoyment of legislation.

The Fourth Article thereof, in the first clause of the Second Section, says:—"The citizens of each State shall be entitled to privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States." Unless amended purposely to favor Mr. Flournoy's scheme. This Supreme law is so conclusive, that neither Congress, nor the Executive, nor the Judiciary can have any power to exclude the speaking from the mutes in their civic legislation. Suppose this law be amended, and the privilege granted to Mr. Flournoy and his fellow-petitioners, it will, as it should of course, become a precedent, by which the Mormons, Socialists, and the like will be justified to demand justice rendered to them in their respective commonwealths.

In case of a grant of *bounty-land* being accorded to the mutes, without the exclusion of hearing persons, the mutes may, by virtue of the ballot-box, retain their authority over their township; but, alas! their enjoyment of civic authority will be of short duration, for the number of their hearing fellow-residents, especially their own hearing sons, cannot fail to increase much more rapidly than that of the unfortunate mutes. And the same

ballot-box will naturally transfer the reign of Government from the deaf to the hearing; what is worse, on the increase of the mutes, their landed property will fall into the hands of their hearing heirs; the name of their colony—perhaps Gallaudetia—may be changed for Fudgeab. In short, Mr. Flournoy's colony will cease to exist, save its history, which may be found in the topography of the United States.

In order to prove the untenability of Mr. Flournoy's doctrine of the Mute Commonwealth, the Tattler will with becoming frankness, state a few truths.

Allowing, for argument's sake, that the law referred to, is so amended as to bring Mr. Flournoy's scheme into effect; that a township of forty or more square miles is allotted to the mute colonists somewhere in our Territory; and that its government is to be entrusted perpetually and exclusively with its *bona fide* mute occupants, the enterprise, in which they all concentrate themselves, will, in a few years prove a complete failure; and the wheel, to which they lend their shoulders, will make but a few turns, and then refuse to turn any longer, because of the depth of the mud. Why?

1. Because it needs CAPITAL. Without cash money nothing can be done—nothing can prosper.—It is a notorious fact that only one to every hundred mutes is wealthy. Hence, at the outset, how the deuce can the poor colonists afford to build even their own cabins, purchase farming and mechanical tools; and buy the necessities of life?

2. Because the Deaf and Dumb, as a general rule, are proverbially garrulous.—They love to stand and talk all day long, in their "beautiful language of signs," which they learned at the Institutions, or rather to say more properly, the Manufactories of Signs. Hence, what they may perform in their colony will never be finished.

3. And lastly, Because they all partake of the political proclivities of the Speaking. Many mutes of the North are Anti-Slavery, and those of the South are Pro-Slavery.—Thus, if they both reside together in Gallaudetia—just like the Kilkenny cats in a bag, there is much reason to fear, that another edition of the Kansas War will be enacted there, and thence the downfall of Mr. Flournoy's splendid utopia.

But the Tattler coincides with Mr. Flournoy in one thing. This is, that the mutes, I mean the generality, are not generally treated as respectfully as they should expect to be; and that very well-educated gentlemen should by all means be favored with civic offices or professions, with salaries equal to those of the hearing. Yet he must candidly say that the ill treatment which the former often receive, is attributed mostly to their want of self-evidence, diffidence and gross neglect of cultivating their minds by reading.

The best remedy, in his opinion, is, that the mutes should form and establish associations, either small or large, just like that of the Boston mutes, in which they will be sure of improving their minds and manners. The more polished their minds and manners, the much more respect they will receive from their superiors. Judicious By-Laws shall be made and enforced on them, that their naturally restive spirits may be held in entire subjection to their chosen chiefs.

As they are poor and, consequently, dependent on the wealth of the speaking, it is necessary that they should be lost in the midst of the hearing population,—in other words, they must remain where they are, as long as their respective occupations require their services, and not go into the wilderness—Mr. Flournoy's—which, like Pandora's box, is attractive outside, but full of horrors inside.

RAPHAEL PALLETT.

New York, Dec., 1860.

P. S. MR. EDITOR:—In Mr. Flournoy's reply to *Reynard* in the last number, he enlarged on the excellence of the German and English Universities and Old Yale—he attributing it to the numerical magnitude of their students, and also to the discipline by which their morals are improved.

As a general thing, colleges are an institution altogether admirable, invaluable and indispensable to the finishing of minds; but it is absurd—sublimely so—to presume that the morals of their students are made purer by their college education, while, in fact, there are in existence certain customs, which students, from generation to generation, consider as their sacred privileges, and which, for this very reason, their Professors, even Presidents, cannot destroy.

The principal custom at the German Universities is the Duella, and that of the American Colleges, in the exercise of deviltries upon freshmen.

The University of Oxford is distinguished for her tory principles, and also for the Ultra High Church doctrines; and the University of Cambridge, for her bitter Whig doctrines. So they both produce political dunces.

Numerically in students, Dartmouth College has never been equal to Old Yale or Harvard, yet she has produced a Webster, whom Mr. Flournoy lauds to the skies!

Clay was educated at a small, obscure seminary, and had never been to any college. The same is true of most of our eminent men, while the thousands of "Co ge Boys" are mere chaff.

For the Guide.

MR. EDITOR:—Mr. Burnett recently suggested two or three contrivances by which he thinks those who are deaf may obviate, in some degree, the damages and inconveniences attendant on their privation, and desires the subject discussed.

I do not propose discussing it, but only suggest the propriety of guarding against the dangers to which the deaf are subject while walking in the night.

It is necessary that all deaf persons who go out in the night should furnish themselves with materials with which to make a light, if stopped on the way, so they can ascertain what is wanted.

I will give one instance, which is sufficient to suggest the propriety of being furnished with a light while walking in the dark:—

A few nights ago, a friend of mine, (who is of course deaf) while passing through an unlighted avenue, met a man whom, as he thought, was stopping to speak to him. He stopped and signed to him that he was deaf, but the pantomime so frightened the nervous gentleman that, he raised his cane, and called for his son, who was close by, to come to his assistance. When he came up he was able, through the dim light, to recognize the deaf gentleman, and after going to a lamp, at some distance, the matter was explained.

Indeed, there must be a remedy for such meetings in the dark on the highway. The idea of carrying a pole, extending several feet in front and behind, as a premonition of an approaching team, seems both ridiculous and unnecessary, as a team on a trot would pass over the person before he could get out of the way. The only sure and safe remedy is to avoid the middle of the road, or the track where teams are accustomed to pass. Little precaution in the day time is necessary, further than occasionally looking ahead and behind.

EN AVANT.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Dec. 17, 1860.

We hope the writer of the following very interesting letter will excuse the liberty we take of publishing it. We feel sure the readers of the *Guide* will appreciate its graphic descriptions and its faultless style of composition.

New York, Sept. 18th, 1860.

MY DEAR —: Although I am not in the "right element" to write a letter in any way interesting, yet it is due your kindness to allow your last most welcome letters to remain no longer unanswered. I intended to write while I was away, but every moment seemed so occupied, that I had opportunity to write home but twice, so I know you will readily excuse me; and perhaps at this late hour like to hear a little of our journey.

To begin at the beginning—Father, George and I left home Monday, Aug. 20th, taking the steamer New World for Albany. We found an acquaintance of Father's on board—Rev. Dr. F.—who had with him Mr. K. and son, of Cincinnati. As father had neglected to procure state rooms, and all were now taken, Mrs. K. kindly offered to share hers with me, assuring me it would accommodate her as much as myself, for she very much disliked to sleep alone on board the boat. This matter adjusted, our party took tea, after which we spent the time in pleasant conversation till nearly ten o'clock, when we retired; to find ourselves nearing Albany on waking in the morning.

Breakfasted at Stanwix Hall, then crossed the street to take the cars for Lyons, six miles this side of Newark, the home of two of father's sisters, and our first stopping place. I had anticipated a tedious day, being not over fond of riding by rail, but I was disappointed, for the country through which we passed was so varied, so rich in farms, and so abundantly filled with fruit that my eyes were not tired with gazing. Lunched at Syracuse, where we left a great number of passengers who had come on to attend the Republican convention which was to sit the next day, and arrived at L. between three and four. Here we took a carriage for N., and had one of the pleasantest rides possible.

The day was beautiful—the road lying through farms well tilled, the land very rich, so in contrast with New England, and all so new to me I was delighted. When nearing the village, I began to feel a little awkward about meeting my numerous relations, for of the twenty-four uncles, aunts, cousins, and second cousins I had seen but four. However, this feeling was quite set aside by my very kind reception by the members of one family where we first stopped—father's eldest sister's—and by the time my wrappings were laid aside, and I seated in the capacious rocking-chair, I felt quite at home. I found cousin J. was no new friend to them, by name at least, and that our visit had been "all the talk"

among them for the few days since they had learned we were to come.

We had intended leaving the next day—Wednesday, but they at once vetoed this plan, and it was arranged that father should go, stopping at Rochester over-night, and telling our friends we would be there on Friday. His conference duties called him to Lima, some twenty miles from R., and he would be back on Monday morning that we might leave for Buffalo.

We spent the time in Newark romping, racing, visiting and getting acquainted, and though I had not anticipated much pleasure from my visit there, I was very agreeably disappointed. Let me not forget to tell you of my good living; and when I tell you that the wheat used grew on their farm, as well as the vegetables; the butter and cheese were made by themselves, and that milk, cream and fruit were not wanting, you will not wonder that I remember it. George was made happy by having a horse at his disposal, and his cousins taught him to drive quite nicely, so that he was our only gallant in several rides, on which occasions he felt a large responsibility.

Friday night we bade them good bye, six of them escorting us to the depot, and we left them feeling quite rich in having such kind cousins, and hoping some day to return their kindness, and not without a promise to come to them again if possible.

Reached Rochester about half past eight, where at the depot we met Mr. B. whom we were to visit. We drove directly to his house where his wife was impatiently awaiting us. I was delighted to meet them, after a separation of ten years, and their hearty welcome assured me they were no less so to me.

Saturday morning we visited Genesee Falls, the scene of Sam Patch's last leap. Walked through Main and State streets, going into some of their new stores, of which they are justly proud. Climbed to the top of the court house, from which a fine view of the city and surrounding country is obtained; as well as of the lake by the aid of the telescope.

Went also to the Arcade, where is the post office, and where—by the way—Mr. B. handed me your kind letters and one from home. I was glad to receive them, for if letters are welcome at home, they are doubly so when away.

Looking in the Directory I found the names of the husbands of two of my old schoolmates—called to see them, and on my telling them that I was once Miss P., they expressed themselves glad to meet me, as they had often heard their wives speak of me, and had come to feel almost acquainted. Each offered to call a carriage to take me to their homes, but I declined, as we were to drive in the afternoon.

After dinner took a carriage and went to see my old friends. It was a treat to me to be with them again for "ten long years had passed away" since I had met one of them, and in that time I had seen the other, and dearest one—Nannie—but once. We had but little time together, but that we spent in talking over "old times" and school-days, forgetting that "now we are old."

Sunday Nannie came in the morning and attended church with us, and at noon persuaded Mrs. B. to spare me to her till night, though this was no easy task, for she had not quite forgiven me for delaying my visit to her, the two or three days I spent in Newark. We spent the afternoon pleasantly, and I became better acquainted with her worthy husband, and sweet little Freddie of fourteen months.

In the evening went to the Central Congregational Church where Mr. and Mrs. B. met me, and I returned home with them.

Monday morning brought father, and we took the eleven o'clock train for Buffalo, where at the depot we met Mr. O., the agent of the B.—at —, who cordially welcomed us. Hotels were quite out of the question, and he insisted on our going to his house, which we did, though quite reluctantly, as we had never met Mrs. O., and only father had before seen Mr. O.

We soon were very much at home with them; and indeed during our whole stay away, were not allowed for a moment to remember that we were among strangers, so kind and attentive were all to us.

After an early tea, rode out through the city and along the shore of Lake Erie. Buffalo is certainly a delightful

place, its beauty consisting in its fine dwellings, with their fine and tastefully arranged grounds, their hot-houses &c. Nearly every house has its garden. We passed the mansion of ex-President Fillmore, which is built of brown stone.

Tuesday morning took the early train for Niagara, that "great Mecca of the world's worshippers of landscape beauty." We spent a very busy day visiting the principal points of interest; Goat and Luna Islands, from the bridge to which the Rapids are best seen. I could spend days on this one spot, and then feel that I had not sufficiently feasted on the beauty before me. Sam Patch's leap, Biddle's Stairs, Prospect Point, Whirlpool, Terrapin Tower and other places from which to get fine views of the mighty Falls, on the American side were in turn visited, when we crossed the Suspension Bridge to the Canada side. We rode over, and on our return walked on the top, where the cars pass, meeting our carriage which went beneath us, on the other side. The bridge is of enormous strength, and a noble structure, placed as it seems "mid way between heaven and earth." When upon it one could have no fear, unless for one moment looking down into the dark green waters below.

On the Canada side we saw Lundy's Lane battle ground, Brock's Monument, Burning Spring, the famous Table Rock, from over the edge of which I picked some green to take home, and many other things to interest. Dined at the International and spent the night at the Cataract House.

I had been told that I should be disappointed in Niagara, but after viewing it I determined that only a very small mind could be disappointed, and that a large one—however great—must fail to comprehend its beauties, its wonders, its sublimity. I can express my own feelings in no better way than by quoting the language of Charles Dickens. "Niagara is forever stamped upon my heart, an image of beauty, to remain there, changeless and indelible, until its pulses cease to beat forever."

Wednesday morning we were forced to bid adieu to these scenes, not without sorrow, and a hope to revisit them, when we had more time at our command. Took the cars to Lewiston—and this is a delightful ride—along the banks of the Howe River to Niagara.

Reached Niagara and found it majestic in its recovered serenity. We passed the old forts Niagara and Massasauga. Arrived at L., took the boat down Lake Ontario to Montreal. The sail on the lake was delightful—the scenery on the American shore varied and pleasant—on the other side of us nothing to be seen but the broad world of light blue water, with an occasional sail—and one might readily fancy they were on the ocean.

Arrived at Ogdensburg about twelve o'clock on Thursday, where the passengers for M. took a smaller boat down the St. Lawrence.

The passage down the St. Lawrence is exciting in the extreme. In some places the water on either side of us, and but a few feet from us, will appear to be piled up much higher than the railing of our boat, while before and behind us the water is foaming, leaping, dashing over the rocks beneath, one of which, if we should touch, would ring our death knell. It is grand, and must be enjoyed to appreciate it. I must tell you that the Captain assured us that we were the first ladies—our dusky sisters excepted—who ever sailed down the Du Chien after sunset. And that we did, for having been delayed, we must remain at Du Chien over night, as is the custom on such occasions, or brave the rapids by the most beautiful moon ever shone.

The latter we preferred, as we wished to reach M. that night. It was a trying and anxious time for the Captain, and we complimented him finely on our safe arrival, as indeed he deserved.

For miles before reaching the city we could see the illuminated arches, fireworks &c., in honor—not of us—but of the Prince, who had arrived an hour or two before us. Our boat passed under the centre arch of the grand and noble Victoria Bridge, of which you have read so much.

A gentleman and wife from N. Y., who had been our travelling companions since Wednesday morning, with us agreed to stay one night on the boat, so after landing at nine, we walked out a little to take a peep of Montreal in its holiday dress. Transparencies were in

almost every window and flags without number were flying from all the housetops, while groups of the peasantry were here and there gathered, talking every one it seemed, of this live wonder—the Prince. By the way, I should have told you that I saw the fine house, and splendid grounds at Niagara, where he is now stopping—the residence of the late Mr. Zimmerman—Clifton Lodge.

Next morning by agreement a carriage came for us at five o'clock and we drove through the "grey city," seeing the principal churches, public buildings &c. We entered the French Cathedral, an immense structure, where the priests were sitting off gibberish it seemed to me, but to them—I suppose—prayers. After riding nearly two hours we were left at the ferry, to cross and take the cars at Rouse's Point where we should find the Champlain boat.

The sail down Lake Champlain was pleasant, the Green Mountains of Vermont being on one side of us, and the Adirondacks of N. Y. on the other; while nearer to us would be farms with their little black houses and big red barns, with here and there an "emerald isle" for variety's sake.

At Ticonderoga who should come on board but Dr. F. of whom I told you some eight or nine pages back! His friends, the K's had left him—the son to enter upon his second year at Harvard, and the mother to stay with him awhile. He had gone from Saratoga to Lake George where he spent a few days and was now returning to S.

At length reached Whitehall—took the cars and were soon at Saratoga. After tea walked out to the spring—Congrat (for though there are more than twenty springs you are unfashionable if you do not prefer Congress water, and it is, I think, nicer than the others), where we "drank freely" of the waters. Peeped into the gay saloons of the hotels where we saw music, dancing, playing &c., then retired to our more homelike one—the Columbian—for a good night's rest.

Rose early and went to the Spring where the fashion "do congregate," drank all we could, rode the circular railway and home to breakfast. This important item finished, walked to Empire, High Rock and other important springs, called at Dr. Strong's, who invited us into his parlour, where we spent the time till nearly dinner, rolling ten-pins, playing ball swinging and other games. After dinner two gentlemen called to take us to Luzerne, where father was to preach next day; we having hurried our tour a little on that account.

I rode with the preacher of L. to whom father had neglected even to introduce me, but as we found his and his wife's names to be counterparts of ours—G. and J. P.—we readily became friends. Enjoyed this most romantic ride, twenty miles through a country of mountains and valleys, the sun playing bo-peep—one minute shining and the next hiding his head. Father and George were a little behind us, but I fear not in company quite as favored as I. Next day father preached twice—wonderful sermons, they were pronounced—and in the evening I had the pleasure of hearing Mr. P.

Monday a party of us visited Lake George, twelve miles from L., spending the time in the groves and on the pearly transparent waters of the lake. Perhaps you may not know that it is here that Archbishop Hughes procures his "holy water," making a yearly trip for the purpose.

Tuesday, Mr. P., George and I, took a sail on Lake Luzerne, a sweet spot, dotted with islands and bordered with pretty homes. In the afternoon Mr. P. with a namesake, took us to Saratoga, and the same night we took the cars to Albany and the boat for home. These friends with their little "birdie" I shall not soon forget, but hope to spend many more pleasant hours with them.

On the boat there were a number of mutes, returning to Fanwood—among them a teacher whom I recognized as having seen there when with you, but I did not speak to him. Also a young lady who has been there for seven years, and is in the high class. When I spoke of our visit she remembered it at once. I told her I expected to come again soon with you. She is sweet, and very intelligent.

At home all were delighted to see us again and to hear of our journey which we have hardly done talking about yet. We brought each a present from Niagara and they made quite a display on the

parlor table, when we asked all in to see. In the centre stood a large dish of peaches which we had brought from Mr. B.'s trees in Rochester, which looked and tasted the nicer, having come from so dear a friend.

Now don't you think we have had as pleasant a tour, and enjoyed it as much as is possible for one to, or have you cast one glance at this long story and came to the conclusion that it would occupy more time to read this than it took us to go, and so throw it aside? I did not intend writing more than a quarter of this when I sat down, and if I have become wearisome, I beg to be excused, and will amend in future.

Again let me ask you to write soon "having confidence in thy obedience," "knowing that thou wilt also do more than I say."

Mother joins me in sending love to the little family circle—long may it remain unbroken.

Lovingly,

Prof. Fowler, the well-known phrenologist of New York, is now in England. According to a Manchester paper, the professor, while speaking of military men during a recent lecture, drew attention to one portrait, which he said was that of a man who came to his office about fifteen years ago with the question, "What can I do best?" The professor asked what he did and he replied, "I make soap for a living." He then examined his head, and told him that of professions a military career was most suited to him, and that if he ever had the opportunity, he should get the command of an army in the cause of right, for there his talents would show themselves to the greatest advantage. He had done so; and Garibaldi, that man, was now telling a tale on the destiny of Europe.

A foreign journal notices an ingenious contrivance for keeping crows from the corn field in operation on a neighboring farm. It is a self acting gun, which being loaded in the morning continues to shoot at certain intervals during the day. It is so made that it can be set to discharge itself once in ten or fifteen minutes, or half an hour, or longer, as may be desired.

Charcoal put to the roots of dahlias and other flowering plants, will render them vividly; flowers nearly white being thus turned to a deep red, sometimes altogether, and sometimes mixed with the lighter hues in half-a-dozen varieties, from one and the same root.

"Papa, didn't you whip me for biting Tommy?"
"Yes, my child, you hurt him very much."
"Well, then, papa, you ought to whip mamma's music teacher, too, for he bit mamma yesterday, right in the mouth, and I know he hurt her, because she put her arms around his neck and tried to choke him."

MODEL NOTICE OF A LOST COW. The following is an exact copy of a printed notice which is at present posted in a Jersey stage:—"Lost—a calf red. He had a white spot on one of his hind legs. He was a she-calf. I will give three dollars to everybody that will bring him home."

THE WATCH.

I have now in my hand, a gold watch which combines embellishments and utility in happy proportions, and is usually considered a very valuable appendage to the person of a gentleman. Its hands, face, and chain, and case, are the chased and burnished gold. Its gold seals sparkle with the ruby, the topaz, the sapphire, the emerald. I open it, and find that the works without which this elegantly furnished case would be a mere shell, those motionless hands, and those figures without meaning, are made of brass. I investigate further, and ask, what is the spring, by which all these are put in motion, made of? I am told it is made of steel. I ask what is steel? The reply is, that it is iron which has undergone a certain process. So then, I find the main spring, without which the watch would be motionless, and its hands, figures, and embellishments but toys, is not of gold—that is not sufficiently good; nor of brass—that would not do—but of iron. Iron is, therefore, the only precious metal; and this watch an emblem of society. Its hands, and figures which tell the hour, resemble the master spirits of the age, to whose movements every eye is directed. Its useless but sparkling seals, sapphires, rubies, topaz, and embellishments are the aristocracy. Its works of brass are the middle class, by the increasing intelligence and power of which the master spirits of the age are moved; and its iron main spring shut up in a box, always at work, but never thought of, except when it is disordered, broke, or wants winding up, symbolically, the laboring class, which, like the main spring we wind up by the payment of wages, and which classes are shut up in obscurity, and though constantly at work, and absolutely necessary to the movement of society, as the iron main springs is to the gold watch, are never thought of, except when they require their wages, or are in some want or disorder of some kind or other.—Edward Everett.

MARRIAGES.

In Columbus, O., Oct. 25th, Mr. Washington Carr, of Monroe, Butler Co., O., to Miss Maggie Sawhill of Columbus, both graduates of the Ohio Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.
In East Boston, Decem. 15, by Amos Smith, Jr., Justice of the Peace, Mr. Nathan P. Morse formerly of Gloucester, to Miss Jane Hooper of Charlestown, both graduates of the American Asylum at Hartford.

A TRIFLE MYSTIFIED.

A good story is told of a Washington county man, who on his way to Cincinnati became somewhat elevated by sundry "drinks," but as good luck would have it, found a boat on the wharf and was quickly on his way. Soon after leaving the wharf, a man came around for his fare. Our man handed out a five dollar bill, and received four dollars and ninety-five cents in change. He rammed it into his pocket-book with great eagerness, supposing the clerk had made a mistake. That done, he leaned back in his chair and fell asleep. A little while and he was plucked awake by the same man, who again demanded fare. "Discovered" his mistake, "thought he, holding out a handful of change. The man, as before, took only five cents, and Horral again went into a doze. Ere he had got fairly to dreaming of home and friends far away, around came the collector again, and thus it went on for a long time.

At last Horral thought it very inconvenient, and concluded to vote the collector a nuisance, and give him a piece of advice besides; so, said he—

"Is (hie) this a da-n-ger (hie)ous bo (hie)bo?"

"By no means," said the man. "Brain new."

"Then, by gummy (hie) why do (hie) don't you collect all the fa(hie)hair at once—not bother a fel(hie)heller for it every mile as it (hie) becomes due?"

"Really," said the man, "where do you think you are going?"

"Cincinnati," said the polite conductor.

"Why, you must be sadly out of your reckoning. This is a ferry boat, and all this afternoon you have been riding to and fro between New Albany and Portland."

That night Horral slept in Portland.

The Benefit of Music.

The more we have of good instruments, the better; for all my little children, not excepting my youngest daughter, learn to play, and are preparing to fill my house with harmony against all events, so that, if we have worse times, we may have better spirits.—Bishop Berkley.

THE TOOTHACHE.—"My dear friend," said H., "I can cure your toothache in ten minutes."

"How? how?" inquired I. "Do it in a ply."

"Instantly," said he.

"Have you any alum?"

"Yes."

"Bring it and some common salt."

They were produced. My friend pulverized them, mixed them in equal quantities, then wet a small piece of cotton, causing the mixed powder to adhere, and placed it in my hollow tooth.

"There," said he, "if that does not cure you I will forfeit my head. You may tell this to everyone, and publish it everywhere. The remedy is infallible."

It was as he predicted. On the introduction of the mixed alum and salt, I experienced a sensation of coldness, which gradually subsided, and with it—the alum and salt—I cured the torment of the toothache.—Mandeville Reader.

GALLAUDET GUIDE AND DEAF MUTES' COMPANION FOR 1861.

THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF MUTES, encouraged by the favor with which its organ has been received the past year, have determined to continue its publication.

The GALLAUDET GUIDE AND DEAF MUTES' COMPANION will commence a new volume, (Vol. 2.) January, 1861, in an enlarged and greatly improved form. (30 x 22 inches) printed on superior paper, with good type and containing twenty-four columns of reading matter, devoted as heretofore to General News, Religion, Literature, Mechanics' Arts, Science, &c., but more particularly to news matters and things relating to the Deaf and Dumb.

It will have a new heading, adorned with portraits of Gallaudet and Clerc. The enlargement puts the Association to a considerable outlay and it is therefore hoped that all interested in this peculiar class of people for whose benefit the paper is intended, will exert themselves to LARGELY increase the subscription list.

Its establishment on a sure and permanent basis is a desideratum.

The Gallaudet Guide and Deaf Mute's Companion will contain a large amount of matter of interest to the people at large. By becoming subscribers, ladies and gentlemen will not only be receiving in return their money's worth, but will be aiding also in a worthy and deserving cause.

It is hoped that all who have kept us company the year past will continue to do so for the year to come.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

Address, with money enclosed, to CHARLES BARRETT, Esq., 5 1-2 Jays Building, care Wm. G. Clark, Esq. Boston, Mass.

Persons sending ten subscribers will have a copy sent free.

Members of the N. E. G. Association are entitled to a copy gratis.

All communications intended for insertion in the journal should be addressed to AMOS SMITH, Jr., Esq., Registry of Deeds, Boston, Mass.

GEO. HOMER, SAMUEL ROWE, } Ex. Com. WM. K. CHASE.

MATTIE LEE.

BY DANIEL L. OSBURN.

Did you hear the sexton tell
Where they buried Mattie Lee?
Was it in the quiet dell
Underneath the birchen tree?
Was it where the moonbeams lie—
Was it where the zephyrs sigh—
In the bowers,
Mid the flowers,
Where they buried Mattie Lee?
Did they lay her by the stream,
Winding through the lily bed—
Where the pearly dewdrops gleam
Softer than a fairy's tread?
Lay her in the shady nook,
Lay her by the babbling brook,
All her bloom
In the tomb,
Is she sleeping cold and dead?

Did you see the flowers weep—
Hear the leaves sigh mournfully,
And the birds their dirges keep,
And the bees hum steadily?
Were there mourners weeping there,
Was there sorrow everywhere,
From the tree,
Bird and bee,
When they buried Mattie Lee?

Did you see an angel band
Gathered round our Mattie Lee?
They have borne her to the land
Of a bright eternity.
Lies she not in shady nook,
Rests she not by babbling brook?
In her bloom,
From the tomb,
Angels bore our Mattie Lee.

PAPERING ROOMS.

The Scientific American remarks that many lives have been lost from the laziness or ignorance of paper hangers, who have laid one paper upon another, instead of tearing off the old before hanging the new. There was a very handsome house near one of our provincial towns, which could never keep its tenants. At last it stood empty and became worthless, because a detestable fever seized upon every family that lived in it. A ready-witted observer promised the owner to find out the cause. He traced the mischief to one room, and presently conjectured what the matter was there. He let a slip of glass into the wall, and found it next day dimmed with fetid, condensed vapor. He tore down a strip of paper, and found abundant cause for any amount of fever. For generations the walls had been papered afresh, without the removal of anything underneath. And there was the putrid size and fermenting oil paper inches deep! A thorough clearance, scraping and clearing, put an end to the fever, and restored the value of the house.

REARING CHILDREN.

1. Children should not go to school until six years old.
2. Should not learn at home during that time more than the alphabet, religious teachings excepted.
3. Should be fed with plain substantial food at regular intervals of not less than four hours.
4. Should not be allowed to eat anything within two hours of bed time.
5. Should have nothing for supper but a single cup of warm drink, such as very weak tea of some kind, or cambric tea, or milk and water, with one slice of cold bread and butter—nothing else.
6. Should sleep in separate beds, on hair mattresses, without caps, feet first well warmed by the fire, or rubbed with the hands until perfectly dry; extra covering on the lower limbs.
7. Should be compelled to be out of doors for the greater part of daylight, from after breakfast until half an hour before sun-down, unless in damp, raw weather, when they should not be allowed to go outside the door.
8. Never limit a healthy child as to sleeping or eating, except at supper; but compel regularity as to both; it is of great importance.
9. Never compel a child to sit still, nor interfere with its enjoyment, as long as it is not actually injurious to person or property, or against good morals.
10. Never threaten a child; it is cruel and dangerous. What you have to do, do it, and be done with it.
11. Never speak harshly or angrily, but mildly, kindly, and when really needed, firmly—no more.
12. By all means arrange it so that the last words between you and your children at bed time, especially the younger ones, shall be words of unmixed lovingness and affection.

[Hall's Journal of Health.

Our appetites were given to us to preserve and propagate life. We abuse them for its destruction.

THE TWO MUTES.

BY THE JERSEY MUTE.

I am on terms of the most intimate friendship with a married couple, both mutes. They were educated in the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Philadelphia. The husband makes \$700 a year in his profession. Both he and his wife strive to improve their natural possessions and gifts of body and mind, with the view of qualifying themselves to shine in society. One, to see them well improved, would think they were endowed with all their faculties. They spend their evenings in reading and corresponding with their friends at a distance. The husband takes the "Southern Light" and "Harper's Weekly;" his wife, "Graham's Magazine" and the "National Magazine." This pair have a handsome book-case, which contains a most excellent selection of books. The following catalogue is only a specimen of the whole: American Annals of the Deaf and Dumb, vols. 1, 2, 3 and 4; Olmstead's Astronomy; the American in Paris; the Parlor Book of Flowers; the Alps in Switzerland; the Youth of Madame De Longueville; Weber's Outlines of Universal History; Lives of the three Judsons; the works of Edgar A. Poe; the Art of Printing; Annals of the Queens of Spain; Memoirs of the Queens of France; Fowler on Marriage; Architecture of Birds; Mother's Magazine; Outlines of Disordered Mental Action; Mrs. Hale's Record of Distinguished Women; Hamilton on Education; Life of Martin Luther; and Oriental Acquaintances.

My friends are both of a hasty temper; but such a perfect combination of forbearance and affection in a couple equally attempted, I never saw. Excited as they may be, but their better spirit prevails even then, and their love, all the more ardent for the slight misunderstanding, gushes forth in full volume. The wife has taken to kissing her husband often and often; it would indeed seem that, since her marriage, she has considered kissing the great object of her life. I might almost say, the great object of her efforts. Even in the presence of a stranger, she will press her lips upon those of him she loves best. Last summer she went to the country to spend a few weeks with her friends; and she tried to make up to her husband of the pleasure of her society, upon which he, as it were, fattened, by writing to him twice a week. When he returns home tired, and in bad humor, she fawns upon him, and by dint of tender attentions succeeds in driving dull care away from his brow. In his absence she carries on or drives his business, as if she were herself a man of business. If something happens to detain him beyond the time appointed for his return, she will hunt him out, even in the midst of a storm; nothing short of the discovery of his whereabouts will satisfy her—so devotedly does she love him. Before her marriage she scarcely thought of the importance of prayer, by which to make her wants known to God; but now that she is bound by love to live with the man of her choice till death, she feels the necessity of offering a prayer for the preservation of her husband, and does pray in the morning and evening.

Her husband's income is not sufficient to support a family decently, and therefore his wife practices the most rigid economy, denying to herself many of the elegancies of life, in the hope of securing to him at last the possession of a dwelling where they can live permanently.

My friends read, and even write, side by side, for the idea of sitting aloof from each other is foreign to them. Turn which way the one may, the other stands shoulder to shoulder with him or her. They are, in short, all in all to each other.

It is the wife's peculiarity to fancy that it would be highly criminal in a wife not to share with her husband anything, such, for example, as a cake, apple, candy or pie. So she will not eat anything till her husband joins her. She sighs to think that he is obliged to work for a living. She says that if she had five thousand dollars in her own right, she would be most glad to give every cent of her money to him, and so place him above the reach of want. She once offered to take in sewing, and thereby add to his income; but it was objected to on the ground that she was of a delicate constitution.

I remember with what a grave smile she used to receive the visits of her husband previous to their marriage. But it is so strange that it was not till she had taken the final vows of the altar that she descended from her cold heights of reserve, and exposed to him the treasures of a heart deep in affliction. If you speak to her against him, you may be assured that she will not only shoot indignant glances at you, but will cut your acquaintance. She idolizes him as a fond parent his first-born child. She watches the play of his countenance as they sit vis-a-vis.

She is versed in all the graces of "small talk," and writes with ease. No person of refined taste can tire of writing with her. [Ladies' Repository.

A SAFE BET.

Several gentlemen were riding in a car on one of the Boston roads a few years ago, when the conversation turned on the next Presidential election, and the merits and prospects of Webster, Fillmore, Cass and others were discussed at large. After some time a solemn individual, who had listened in silence, addressed the party thus—

"My friends, you are all wrong. Before the election of 1852, the world will have come to an end, and Jesus Christ will be President of the Universe!"

Up started an enthusiastic gentleman from the Granite State, who stammeringly said to the Millerite—

"S-sir, I'll b-bet you t-t-ten dollars New Hampshire w-w-won't go for him!"

A roar of laughter greeted the exit of the Second Adventist, as he remounted to another car.

THINGS WE ARE TIRED OF.

We are tired of hearing the gulls say they have "no time" to read Macaulay or Milton, when they will sit up half the night to find out whether the hero of a red pepper novel gets knocked on the head, or escapes from the shipwreck with his lady-love and her hand-boxes, on a board four inches square.

We are tired of hearing women complain that their husbands don't care so much for them as they used to, and setting it down to the score of heartlessness, when it is nothing on earth but the sour bread and burnt ham at the breakfast table. Knock at the doors of their affection with a frying pan, and they will open it fast enough.

We are tired of listening to the outcry of "hard times" from business men, who wonder "where on earth the money slips to," when part of it is leaking out at the top of their head, through a costly Panama hat, and partly shut up in a cigar case in their coat pockets, and part going down their throats in a "brandy-smash."

We are tired of being "brought up short" by a pair of heels planted on the trails of our silken raiment, and still more tired of being transfixed by the scowl of a fashionable lady, when we get swamped among her flounces. Won't the fair sex abbreviate their dresses?

We are tired of seeing women box their babies' ears for "making such a racket" with his trumpets and drums; and then set the neighborhood's nerves on edge with piano practice and throat-splitting bravuras.

We are tired of the woman who can talk of anything but Bobby's measles and the price of silk and starch—we are tired of the men who chew tobacco in your face, and pull out their pocket knives to trim their nails, while they are talking with you—we are tired of the children who learn French and philosophy at five years old and converse in four-syllabled words out of the dictionary, and don't know what, but mean, and we are tired of the old ladies who dress in the style of sweet sixteen.

Does any one blame us for being tired to death of all these things?

KICKED SPEECHLESS BY AN OX, AND CURED BY A HORSE.—Fifteen months since, a man named Drinkwater, living in North Yarmouth, Me., was knocked down and kicked by an ox, and injured in such a manner as to deprive him of all power of speech. He had been unable to utter a word until a few days since, when his horse became suddenly frightened and ran away with him, when the man, so long speechless, cried out as loudly and plainly as any one could, "Whoa! whoa! whoa!" Since that he has been able to talk as well as ever.

The mind is like a trunk. If well packed it holds almost everything; if ill packed, next to nothing.

SOON FORGOTTEN.

So lately dead; so soon forgotten. 'Tis the way of the world. We flourish for awhile. Men take us by the hand, and are anxious about the health of our bodies, and laugh at our jokes, and we really think, like the fly on the wheel, that we have something to do with the turning of the world. Some day we die and are buried.

The sun does not stop for our funeral; everything goes on as usual; we are not missed in the streets; men laugh at new jokes; one or two hearts feel the wound of affliction, one or two memories still hold our names and forms; but the crowd moves in its daily circle; and in three days the great wave of time sweeps over our steps, and dashes out the last vestige of our lives.

A COMMITTEE IN SCHOOL.

We have the following good one from an authentic source:—A sub-committee of a school board, not a thousand miles from Lynn, Mass., were examining a class in a primary school. One of the committee undertook to sharpen up their wits by propounding the following question—

"If I had a mince pie and should give two-twelfths to John, two-twelfths to Isaac, two-twelfths to Harry, and should keep half the pie myself, what would there be left?"

There was a profound study among the scholars, but finally one lad held up his hand as a signal that he was ready to answer.

"Well, sir, what would there be left? Speak up loud so that all can hear," said the committee man.

"The plate!" shouted the hopeful fellow.

The committee man turned red in the face, while the other members roared aloud. The boy was excused from answering any more questions.

A WIFE IN TROUBLE.—"Pray, tell me, my dear, what is the cause of those tears?"

"Oh! such disgrace! I have opened one of your letters supposing it to be addressed to myself. Certainly, it looked more like Mrs. than Mr.!"

"Is that all? What harm can there be in a wife opening her husband's letters?"

"But the contents! Such a disgrace!"

"What! has any one dared to write me a letter unfit for my wife to read?"

"Oh, no. It is couched in the most chaste language. But the disgrace!"

The husband eagerly caught up the letter and commenced reading the epistle that had been the means of nearly breasting his wife's heart. Reader, you couldn't guess the cause in an age. It was no other than a bill from the printer, for nine years' subscription!

The most sensible woman in all creation! She ought to be admitted a member of the craft.

One of our exchanges tells a good story of a jolly fellow who, on the "glorious 4th," passing along the streets of Springfield, in that State, saw the inscription, "B. K. Bliss, Apothecary" neatly chiseled on a marble slab in the centre of the sidewalk. Stepping reverently over the stone, he turned round, and read slowly:—"B. K. Bliss, Apoplexy," he exclaimed, "apoplexy"—yes—well—but what in h—ll did they bury him under the sidewalk for?"

"AN ODD FISH."—Some "enterprising fisherman," of Harrisburg, Pa., has caught a fish, which the Telegraph, of Saturday, describes as follows:—"The fish was flat as a buckwheat cake, has a rat, a mouth like the entrance to the jail, two fins on the top of its tail, and a combination of cross cut saws running the entire length of its back."

"I wish you could come to a pause in your talk," said Blinks; "such an everlasting clinking is enough to drive me mad."—"You had no business to take me from my pa if you didn't like to hear me talk," retorted Mrs. Blinks; "there were other men as good as you, so I said there was music in my voice;" and as usual, the wife had the last word.

HABIT.—Habit is at first like a spider's web; if neglected, it becomes a thread of twine; next a cord; a rope; and finally, a cable—then who can break it?

A certain man had himself called professor. When asked what he was professor of, said he was professor of religion.

Winning a Heart by Cutting a Hole in the Head.

"You urge that there is no romance in our profession."

"To be sure I do; things happen queerly sometimes, and we make strange acquaintances in the course of our practice. I admit it; but that anything positively romantic, as the word is understood, occurs in the practice of surgery, I deny."

Thus discoursed two young gentlemen who wrote M. D. at the end of their names. "Charles," said the elder of the two, "light your cigar, and listen. Two years before I received my degree, the events narrated here occurred." He opened a portfolio, and commenced reading as follows: "During a period of time occupied by me in a tour through the New England States, in the year 185—, I was on board a steamboat crowded with passengers. The State of Maine had attractions for me, and to one of its towns I was destined. Among the many groups that were enjoying the sight of the sea in their chosen positions on the steamer's deck, a few hours after our departure, the attention of many observers was attracted more particularly to a family party of three persons—an elderly gentleman of intellectual appearance, and two young ladies, his daughters: one an invalid, the other an incarnation of health and beauty. The object of their journey was the restoration of the health of the afflicted one, by change of scene, and the magic potency, in many cases, of the invigorating sea breeze. Having selected a seat near this party, for no motive of listening to their discourse, the earnest manner of the elder lady preventing any other result, I heard her father's repeated cautions, and he earnestly entreated her to be careful if she remained upon the deck alone.

"There is no danger, father," said she. "I would not wish to live, if I am to be the slave of fear."

For the first time I had become interested in her character, and a slight prayer went up from my heart, that her path through life should be guarded from any cause for the fear she seemed with all her soul to despise. I left as her father, ending a fresh caution with, "Ellen, my dear, I hope no harm will come of your want of care," led the younger sister to the cabin below.

A short time afterwards, while standing near the place appointed for the engineer, watching the movements of the complicated machine, with powerful precision propelling us against the wind and tide, some dozen miles an hour, on a sudden the engine was stopped in obedience to the signal bell, and I heard considerable bustle on the deck above. A fishing boat had attempted to cross the track of the steamer, and to avoid collision, the abrupt stoppage had been deemed necessary by the captain. The fishing boat had passed in safety, by, and the steamer was again under full steam. As I walked leisurely to the after part of the boat, I saw a crowd near the ladies' cabin, and borne in the arms of her father, apparently dead, was the young lady whom I had left, and who subsequently became an object of intense interest to many on board. I hesitated in forcing my way to her, supposing that it might be a case of fainting, and there were enough to apply the remedies on such occasions. After the lapse of a few minutes, from the agitated appearance of those who had accompanied the young lady into the cabin, it was evident to me that something serious had occurred. I entered the cabin with the captain, and beheld, reclining on a settee, the form of that lovely girl, to all appearance dead, her father and sister bending over her in agony, chafing her temples, pressing her white hands, calling upon her name in vain, their anguish subsided in floods of tears. Messengers had been dispatched to the different parts of the boat, to ascertain if there was among the passengers, a surgeon, who could ascertain the nature and extent of the injury. No one had yet been found. I asked how the accident occurred, and was informed that when the boat stopped, the young lady was leaning over the rail of the promenade deck, the passengers anxiously rushing to one side, as the fishing boat caused the steamer to career, when the poor girl fell to the deck below, striking her head upon a corner of the chain box. A medical gentleman entered the cabin—a young man entered with him. Upon examination, it was found that the skull of the young lady was fractured, and every indication of compression of the brain. This intelligence was imparted to the unhappy parent of the girl, with the candid acknowledgment that her situation was one of imminent peril. "Can nothing be done to save her?" said the weeping father. The sister had been removed in an almost unconscious state from the cabin, and was in the care of some of the ladies. The physician replied that there was but one hope to rest upon—an operation, and that skillfully and speedily performed. "What operation?" said the father, holding her head in his hands, and waiting a reply in breathless anxiety.

"Trepanning," quietly responded the physician, and briefly explained his meaning. A silence of some duration ensued.

"When this dreadful operation is performed, what is the chance of recovery?" gasped the father, seizing the physician by the arm.

"That must depend on circumstances," was his reply.

"Save her life, Ellen, my child—my child. Poor girl, 'tis an awful thing to think of. If, as you say, it must be done, for Heaven's sake loose no time."

"I have no instruments for the purpose. Nor would I undertake it if I had. It needs a more experienced hand than mine. I never saw it done. From the books only I know its nature and manner of proceeding."

The captain remarked that he had a case of instruments on board the boat; of their purposes he was ignorant. The young man who had entered with the physician had been carefully examining the injury, and requested the captain to procure the instruments, who left the cabin for that purpose. He then addressed the physician: "Sir, should the trepan be at hand, would it not be well to attempt the operation? In her present state she must die unless some aid be promptly given. I will assist you."

"Are you a physician?"

"No, I am a student of medicine only. I have seen the trepan twice used with complete success. I am aware 'tis a dangerous operation, though easily performed."

"I shall not undertake it. I could not summon resolution. I do not profess surgery."

"We are many miles from land, sir. I never performed this or any other operation upon the human body. Relying upon my knowl-

edge of anatomy—the exigency of the disease—the favorable position of the wound, I would not shrink in my attempt to save a valuable life. Why should you?"

The captain returned. The case was opened, and proved, upon examination, to be a large case of amputating instruments, and, fortunately, the trepan, and its necessary apparatus accompanying them. The father retrieved from an apparent stupor. The sight of the knives made him shudder. "Well," said he in a whisper, "what is to be done?"

The young man and the physician were conversing inaudibly together for a moment. "No, sir," replied the physician. "Nothing in the world would induce me to attempt it. Having no confidence in my own power, you know, sir, it is not likely that I shall succeed."

"If you were not on board the boat, under the circumstances, and at the request of those interested, I would attempt it. But it is understood that you refuse, and if her father will trust me, I will save her if I can. Captain, you know me, I can have none but good motives."

The father had listened. The calm and cool manner of the young student weighed much in his favor. After a look at his child, who still seemed in the sleep of death, the low, peculiar breathing sound, attendant upon such cases, being the only sign of life, and sure symptom of the nature of the hurt, he took the young man's hand, and said, "Do what you think best. Save her if you can. God help you." He kissed her, and walked away, checking his emotion, repeating the prayer for her safety.

A request was made for those whose aid was not necessary, to retire from the cabin, which was, of course, complied with. The physician, to his credit be it spoken, remained to assist in an act which he dared not be a principal in. The instruments having been carefully arranged, and every thing that prudence could suggest provided, the young lady was placed upon a table to undergo this fearful operation. There was to her no dread. She could feel no pain. Sensation, to her, was a lost faculty. But the loss of self-possession in the operation—a lack of knowledge and judgment in a critical moment, might make of the instrument used to save life, a weapon of sure destruction. The physician secured her head in a position most convenient, the student removed from the injured spot the golden curls, as he took the scalpel in his hand to make the necessary incision through the integuments. "Twas evident success would attend his efforts. His hand trembled not, his eye quailed not. In a moment a part of the scalp was dissected up—the bone was visible—the saw about to do its work! Such silence—a frightful sound appeared, and though inflicted upon one who felt not the knife, still it called forth a terrible feeling of suspense. But a short time had been occupied by the young operator, when removing a piece of the skull of a circular form, the brain, with its thousand vessels distended with blood, showed plainly through its covering membrane. Her father had walked about the cabin, not daring to look in the direction in which his child was lying. After various attempts to speak, he turned, saw the blood necessarily lost, trickling down her livid cheek, and covering, in its course, the loose locks that had been spared. "Is she alive? Do not answer me—still, I must ask—Ellen, Ellen?"

Expressions like these escaped from his lips, in tones of heart-sinking despair. No attention was paid to him by the operator, who was proceeding to the last stages of his task, with as firm a hand and determined heart as if the instruments were acting on marble. A moment's pause for reflection and consultation, had enabled him to decide upon an important point. Applying a lever to the depressed portion of the skull, it was with much difficulty raised, and signs of returning consciousness were evident. She moved her hands, and raised them to her head. The eye of the sufferer resumed its natural office, and from her lips came the words of transport—"Father! I am safe! I'm better!" The transition from death to life, so sudden, was like the charms of the magician's art. Overcome by the change, her father sank into a chair, and was not disturbed till the proper dressings were applied, and the operation pronounced complete. The party were soon after landed at the town where I intended passing some days, and with the young surgeon I assisted in her removal to the carriage. For days he attended her constantly, and her complete recovery was the result. Is there not something romantic in this?

"No, it's what might be called an interesting case, and its equal may be found in any of your published lectures by distinguished professors of surgery."

"Well, it's an odd way to be introduced to a wife. You'll allow that, I suppose."

"Why, yes, one would hardly suppose that cutting a hole in the cranium of a young lady, was the way to win her heart."

"It was in this case at any rate. The fair-haired lady I introduced you to yesterday, the wife of my friend —, who, you know, is no doctor, was the heroine of my romance. I had the story from the M.D. who was present on the occasion. And her father has given him, with her, a fortune. That look of hair you saw braided in a brooch you so much admired in his bosom, was the one cut from Ellen's head previous to the operation, and which he prizes beyond the jewels which encompass it. Now, what say you to the romance of our profession?"

"Say," yawned the Junior M.D., "why, that such things don't happen every day. Why is not your friend one of us?"

"He is in all but name, possessing the qualities necessary to excel in the practice of the healing art, an honor in society, delighting to do good, enjoying the felicities of domestic life with a companion won from the grave, by the knowledge of a splendid science, and the courageous exercise of its principles. Is not his reward the continuation of a true romance?"

The meanest man in America. This notorious individual lives in Cleveland. He applied to a Justice recently for an execution to levy upon the wooden leg of a man who owed him \$4. No constable could be found to serve the execution.

Why is a lawyer like a restless sleeper? Because he lies on one side and then on the other.